



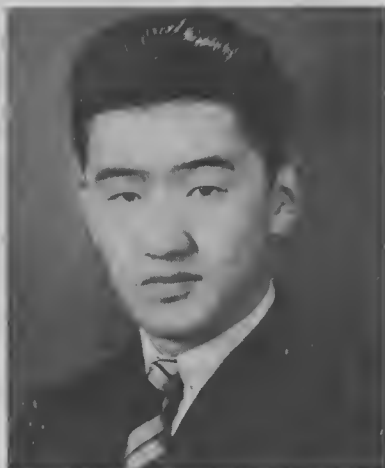
Vic Argosy

VOL. 13 NOVEMBER, 1944 No. 1

McCormack Is In

"Eminent Victorians" Vic Student Excels

Henry Hasegawa, one of the best liked students in Vic last year, brought honors to our school by obtaining the highest marks in the Province in the Departmental Exams of July last. His average



HENRY HASEGAWA

Vic's Brilliant Scholar and winner of highest marks in province.

of 94.5 included 100 in Chem., 100 in Latin and 99 in Trig.

Henry was born at the Royal Alexandra Hospital in Edmonton on January 28, 1926. When Henry was 6 years old, his parents moved to B.C., where he attended public, junior and senior high. Two years ago Henry came back to Edmonton to stay with his sister and to attend Vic. His brilliance was at once evident when he walked away with the highest honors in grade 11, and become established with his wonderful marks at Christmas and Easter last year.

A happy disposition and his generosity in helping other students, established him as a swell fellow in the minds of all who knew him. He assisted students not by lending them his homework, but by teaching them and showing them how to overcome their difficulties.

Throughout his final year at Vic, both he and his teachers were under the impression that he was eligible to try for the Tegler scholarship, and both were equally dismayed when the committee that administers the scholarships ruled that since they considered Henry's

1943-44 GRADE XII HONOR STUDENTS

Once again glory has been brought to the dear old Alma Mater by her brain-chillun who have won academic honors in the grade 12 departmental exams. The students who received the highest averages at Vic (we're listing only those who wrote on five or more subjects) are:

1. Henry Hasegawa
2. Amy Fong
3. Paul Viney
4. Pauline Walker
5. Alan Pettis
6. Irving Lerner
7. Rudolph Melnychuk
8. Herbert Dofka
9. George Nickoloff
10. George Darichuk.

We're very proud of Henry Hasegawa, who obtained the highest in Alberta. His marks were: English 3—80, Social Studies 3—91, Algebra 2—96, Trigonometry—99, Chemistry 2—100, Physics 2—90, and Latin 3—100. Henry was twice a Grade Winner at Vic.

Amy Fong and Paul Viney also raised our school pride a few notches with their marks. Amy's were: Social Studies 3—86, Chemistry 2—98, Physics 2—74, Latin 3—98, and French 3—100. Paul's were: English 3—77, Social Studies 3—77, Algebra 2—84, Trigonometry—93, Chemistry 2—92, Physics 2—85, and Latin 3—75.

Congratulations, all of you, and good luck!—P.J.

residence in the Province was only "incidental," he could not have the scholarship, even though his marks were not only the highest in the city of Edmonton, but in the entire Province.

Further disappointment awaited Henry. For some reason not yet made clear to us, the Faculty of Medicine of the University of Alberta saw fit to refuse Henry admission. He was however, permitted to enrol in the Faculty of Engineering.

To our innocent and ignorant minds it seems too bad that such a swell fellow and brilliant guy will not be able to apply his brilliant mind to the subject of Cancer research as he had long planned to do. But we know he will make a valuable contribution to the world wherever he is.—B.J.

Following several weeks of campaigning, the election Lits were held on Monday and Tuesday, the first and second of November. On Wednesday noon the students marked their ballots, and by four o'clock the results were released. Gordon McCormack was proclaimed President and Ken Anderson Vice-President.

Although the audiences at the Lits were not as riotous as last year, the enthusiasm was nevertheless high, and as each candidate was introduced, his supporters met him with cheers. The three candidates were in agreement on the subject of more after-four lits, and all agreed that with the plans for the new school under consideration the students might help with some suggestions.

McCormack expressed the desire to build a skating rink for skating lits and this was received well by both audiences.

And now with your permission I'd like to introduce the men who will guide the student body through its trials and tribulations this year—

Gordon McCormack was born in Mirror, Alberta, in 1927. He attended school in Calgary for five years and then moved to Edmonton in 1937 and attended Spruce Ave. School.

In grade ten Gordon played basketball and found time to win an academic pin. Last year he played guard for the Seniors and proved a most valuable



GORDON MCCORMACK

Our New Students' Union President.

player. He was Advertising Manager for the Argosy, and for his excellent work he won the Quill and Scroll, the highest award for high school Journalism. He won a Special Award in grade eleven, and also played in both casts of the year play.

Ken Anderson is one of the most outstanding athletes in attendance at Vic. Ken played Senior basketball and rugby last year. He broke two records at last fall's field and track meet and entered the Provincial Meet. Other activities include President of the Beta chapter of Vic Boys' Hi-Y and member of the programme committee of the Edmonteen Club. Ken is a good worker and we are sure that his assistance will prove most valuable to the Union.

Jim Macrae came to Edmonton five years ago and has taken all his high school years at Vic. He has been outstanding in sports of all types. He played Senior basketball last year, and was on the Senior rugby team this fall. He is an all-round good student and a swell fellow, and will prove a valuable member of the Students' Council.—B.J.

OUR ADVERTISERS

May we remind our readers that while their subscriptions help a lot in keeping the Argosy going, we should have a very slim publication if it were not for the paid advertisements.

We can show the business men who advertise with us that we appreciate what they are doing by giving them our support as much as possible. When you have something to buy, look over our ads to see where to get it.



KEN ANDERSON and JIM MacCRAE

Our new Vice-President on the right and runner-up Jim MacCrae on his other shoulder. Both boys were outstanding in the Field Day.

The Vic Argosy



The VIC ARGOSY, a member of the Quill and Scroll Society, published by the students of Victoria High School, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada.

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EDITORIAL

Every year in our school, there are people who stand in the halls or congregate in the locker rooms and grumble because the school is being run by a select few.

Perhaps these people who stand and grumble like inert fossils are right. But they are as much to blame as anyone else. If they are so indignant about the conditions, why don't they do something about them instead of grumbling. Talk is never as effective as action.

How they can do something about it really is quite simple. We have had our election lits, chosen our Pres. and the Union is ready to swing into action. We selected our room reps. and sent them to the Union to speak for us.

Probably most of us heave a sigh, settle back, and criticize freely and without real reason what goes on in our school.

A few, but oh so few, alert and interested students will make it their business to know what is being done in the school. This minority will listen to their room reps., ask questions and make suggestions.

Believe it or not, every Vicite has a responsibility to the Union. Not a big responsibility but an important one. Every student should support the people elected, take an active interest in our school government, know what is being done by the Union. Ask your room rep., that's what he's for; then you should be able to develop some understanding of how our Union is run.

Support all school activities. Turn out to the rugby game and cheer. Follow the crowd to the basketball game. See you at the next Lit Dance, eh? Is that too much to suggest?

That is how the "Select Few" became prominent, by showing interest in all school activities and taking part in many of them and thus getting known.

So this year, don't let a few do too much. Show them you are a willing and interested worker. Do your share of the jobs and let's make Vic bigger and better than ever.

THE DELL

(For the Best)

Take Your Belle to the Dell
Next to the Empress Theatre

DIGGIN' THE DISCS

By Harry Saslow

In taking over the duty of "Diggin' the Discs," I feel that, in view of the present situation of two of the major companies (Victor and Columbia) still holding out against the A.F.M., and the third, Decca, content to wallow in their juke box successes in Bing and the Andrews Sisters, it would be better if the old standbys—the discs which have stood the test of time—were examined. I hope in the months to follow to include the widest variety of this thing called "swing." This way, the Miller fans and the Spanier fans will both be satisfied. I hope!

Hold on to your hats, here we go! "Bump It," by Jimmie Noone, backed by "Wild Man Blues," by Johnny Dodds.—Decca 3519.

"Bump It" is Noone's old theme, "Apex Blues," under a different title. It starts off with the familiar "Apex" riff to introduce a little known 'great' of jazz, Teddy Bunn. The man plays a fine chorus and is relieved by Charlie Shavers who plays some fine relaxed jazz that still stays in the blues. Pete Brown comes up next to bring the only part that deviates from the otherwise magnificent disc. His solo reveals a faltering tone in the high register. Noone comes up next to display the most beautiful clarinet tone ever. He certainly has everyone beaten in the tone department. The ensemble takes it out. This is a Jazz classic. The other side serves to bring us practically the only Johnny Dodds solo work around. Introduced by Shavers (who plays muted, in contrast with his open work on the other side), the tune is given a working by Dodds who sounds a lot like Sidney Bechet in his tone and attack. Bunn, who is also on the date, again plays well, and the end of another great record has come. Both sides have brilliant engineering, you hear every "ping" out of that guitar.

Runnin' Wild and Tea for Two, by the Benny Goodman Quartet—Victor 25529. "Wild" starts with familiar Goodman-Wilson-Hampton riff and is in the same vein as all the other B.G. Quartet discs. Notice particularly how they drive in the closing passages only to go back to their sophisticated tongue-in-cheek style to close the piece. The other side is the finer of the two. Here is some of the finest drumming by Gene Krupa ever waxed. You can hear the roll he makes, and he dominates the side completely. You hear him through all the solos, and yet he does not distract from the other men. It's funny that because Goodman has made so many fine discs and has played so many fine solos, his brilliance is often taken for granted when it shouldn't be. But I suppose that is the price you must pay when you have reached the top and

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Good English Day

Friday, November 24, 1944, will introduce an innovation at Victoria High School. It is to be "Good English Day."

A committee composed of two students from each English class has made all the arrangements.

Here's what happens: From 8:45 to 4:15 all errors in English make the offender liable to a 1c fine to be paid to a student policeman on duty in the main hall. Watch your neighbor; if he makes a slip in English, arrest him and take him to the nearest student policeman to pay his fine. All money acquired will be given to the Kinsmen Milk for Britain Fund. See that you have some pennies in your pocket on this very special day.

If an argument arises, call on any teacher of English to settle it.

We know that every day should be a good English day but we also know it isn't. And it is hoped that such a special effort made once a month may make us all "speech conscious"—perhaps.—J.C.

LOST AND FOUND

School days are here again, and the Lost and Found has embarked on its fourth year of service to the students of Vic.

This year the Lost and Found is under the management of Rose Dolinko, and is as usual backed by the Argosy.

All articles, pens, pencils, books, etc., should be turned in to this office, and all students who have lost or found articles such as these should enquire there.

The office is open daily from 1.15 p.m. till 1.30 p.m. and from 4.05 p.m. to 4.15 p.m.

The Lost and Found office is located next to Room 1.

dominate your field so completely that everyone else sounds like a has-been.

Our case for the classics this issue is Tchaikowsky's "March Slav." No doubt when you hear this, you say to yourself that you know that piece but can't remember the name. Well here it is. I heard a wonderful version of it the other night over the radio. The only thing I know about it is that it is on Columbia records. There was some lovely work in the introduction by bass viols being bowed. The piece is Tchaikowsky at his best—built up by excitement, "drive," a mass of tonal colours. His music has so much that it is impossible to discuss it. When you hear it, you will be overwhelmed.—H.S.

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VIC VARIETIES

A Variety Show!!! You mean to say Vic is going to put on a Variety Show sometime next January?

That's right, fellas; we're going to revive "Vic Varieties" and, believe me, it's going to be really good. Keep calm and I'll issue forth with the information.

The last Vic Varieties which was directed by Joe Schoctor and produced in the Spring of 1942 was an all-round bang-up success. Why was it such a success? It went over because it was made up of what Vicites liked best, produced by Vicites for other Vicites and all the talent used was good. The curtain went down on the last performance of the last show and busy minds (there still are a few) started planning the next. Three years is a long time but finally through the efforts, mainly of Miss Hegler, plans for Vic Varieties are buzzing right along.

Several auditions have been held after four in the auditorium for the purpose of finding out what Bobby Jones, the stoop that sits across from you in Biology, can do. What do you know! He can sing like a fiend and so can half the other inmates. The auditions have served their purpose and Miss Hegler and the committees know where the ready and willing talent of Vic is.

A plot committee (you should see it) is working like mad sorting out songs, choosing the best and placing them in the right spots.

The Victoria High School Song written by Joe Schoctor is going to be featured in the show. Every student of Victoria High School should know this song because it is really something extraordinary. We hope to have copies of it printed and ready to sell to the audience the nights of the production.

Show Manager-in-chief is Bill Jackson with Miss Hegler as staff advisor. Director of Musical Production, Anna Morhal, has a group of very able assistants including Jean McLeod, Nathan Raiber, Alison Steeves and Shirley Davidson. Business Manager is Gordon McCormack. Costumes and Backstage will be handled by a group of enthusiastic and experienced students.

An interesting item for the practical minds: This is a Students' Union project and proceeds received from it are at the disposal of the Union.

So now you've just about finished an article (such as it is) on Vic Varieties and being an average person you'll probably yawn, sit back and wait for the show. Think for another few seconds. Who can make Vic Varieties a huge success? The answer is YOU!!!—J.S.

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SNOOPER SCOOPS

The time has come, the Walrus said, to talk of many things; of shoes and ships and sealing wax and cabbages and kings. Also loot from recent sessions at the key-hole.

Unless you're in need of new specs, you've seen:

Jim Hole and Irma Sloan, the constant twosome.

Ina Ward taking hundreds of snapshots. It seems Ina gets hers developed cut-rate.

Ed Douglas after a riff with Shirley, is seen in the company of Lee and Alison. Of course it may be harmless—maybe Eddie just has a weakness for purple.

Gordon McCormack and Amy Penchuk.

Ruth and Hammy getting set for an anniversary.

Dorothy Gablehouse sharing her Cracker Jack with Alberts.

Irene Roy and Gil Williams discussing the frank points of the action of iodine on potatoes.

Bill Sanborn a block ahead of Betty Christian—what's the matter, kids?

Rezelle Meyers and Hymie Loomer talking over the vine-covered cottage.

Alice Luke sporting Mac's diamond. The Edmonteens' Dance netted:

Berenice Stenton and Don McDonald. Did Alex agree to take a back seat, B?

Alan Elston and Don McKay.

Alison Steeves and Dick McDonald.

Frank Findlay and some new Vic "fluff."

Kenny M.C.'ing and Carmel selling coke.

Janice McBride and Larry Mallet.

Frances Holden and Richard Assaly. We wonder:

If Billy Aubrey and Gary Steeves will be as prominent as their predecessors?

How long it will take the Local 26 to notice Nancy Adam? If you haven't, fellows—do!

If you've got your year's subscription to the Argosy?

If Narm Dlin was really explaining Cadet Training to a new female Vicite on Track Day?

If John McDermid will ever make it here by 8:55 a.m.?

If Bill Price will ever get tired of saying that he "hates dames"?

If Bill Jackson will find himself a new steady?

If Gordie Greerson really doesn't notice les filles?

If you've bought your war stamp

IMPRESSIONS OF VIC

This is written especially for all you "new additions to Vic." We're going to relive some of our first days at ye old Alma Mater.

Remember the fog you were in for the first little while as you stumbled through the big halls! It helped a little when you saw a few old familiar faces, and everyone else began to ask questions.

"How do I get to room seven?"

"Where are you going to register?"

"Is that Mr. Shortliffe?" He doesn't look half as ferocious as they say he is."

Now and then a veteran Vicite would come over and offer helpful suggestions.

"Be sure to get Mr. Bailey for geology, and get Mr. Shortliffe for math. Would you believe it—he actually paralyzes the kids. Once I sat in Room 5 for three periods before I could move a muscle." This you'll gather was one of the more cheerful souls.

"Get Mr. Richards for something even if it has to be Palaeontology. It'll be worth it."

At the sound of the first bell the elevens and twelves tore past in thundering herds, while we went to the assembly hall to learn what to and what not to at Vic.

Then, of course, you'll all remember the quick easy way to lose five pounds. Just get caught in a locker room jam—oh my shattered vertebrae!

Those days are now only fond memories. Gliding back to the present we are glad to say we are getting into the swing of things. No longer do we quiver when we look Mr. Shortliffe in the eye (well hardly at all). We've also found out how to add yards onto Mr. Bailey's detention list; and Mr. Richards—Well, we always did like Biology, didn't we?

Oh yes, and after watching so many rugby games we are learning the art of charging out of the locker rooms in one piece. Of course anyone who hasn't tackled with one or two locker doors just hasn't lived.

So far we've witnessed plenty of entertainment (a borrowing one of Mr. Shortliffe's pet phrases) "put some sunshine in our souls." The lits, rugby games and the sports day have really been super and we'll have to keep on supporting Vic's activities if we want to have more of them.

Well, it looks like we shall be at Vic for a few years (we hope) and I think we all agree that it's pretty swell.

—P.G. and S.S.

WHAT WE ARE FIGHTING FOR

You'd think that at this late stage in the game most people would have some idea as to what we are fighting this war for. But such is not the case. At least not as far as the fiction writers who are responsible for the advertisements which infest our newspapers and magazines are concerned.

For the last three years these mice have been manufacturing ads which contain enough "bull" to assure the supply of that substance for the next hundred years. And it has taken the soldier, who has enough on his hands, to set these money-mad writers back on their heels.

The straw that broke the camel's back, if you'll pardon the cliché, was an ad in the May 27/44 issue of the Saturday evening Post., and sponsored by Polk Miller Products Corp., makers of Sergeant's Dog Medicine.

Get set because here it comes!

"Dearest Mom: So old Bess has pups again! That reminds me of so much. She had her last litter two years ago—just about this time of the year—when everything was fresh and new. That's what I want to get back to—the world at home where a fellow can give the sort of welcome he ought to give a litter of setter pups in the Spring. To watch them grow up with all the other new, young things, in a world that's bright and free...Your loving son, Bill."

An American Army publication in Normandy, the "Stars and Stripes," came across the above "gem" and gave out with the following reply:

"We think it's high time the copy-writers learn that this war is being fought by grown men. We are soldiers, and good ones, and we are fighting because our country is at war and for reasons which grown men understand. We get pretty fed up with the sticky ads that begin 'Dear Mom' and end 'And that, Mam, is what I am fighting for—the corner drugstore with its double extra-special-thick chocolate malteds."

"But since the public seems to think soldiers are simple asses, drooling slush in the face of machine-gun fire, we offer the following uncopyrighted 'Dear Mom' letters direct from the front...."

"Dear Mom: Well, here we are in Normandy. I saw a cute little piggy-wiggy today, Mam, little piggy-wiggles and little ducky-wuckies and little lamble-wambies and oh, just aadles of young, free things to brighten a brave new world. Your loving son, Joe."

"Dear Mom: We are going through some hedgerows toward St. Lo today, Mam, and a German burp-gun got on me and I ducked into a ditch and set off a Tellermine and a Tiger tank ran right over my ditch and a squad of Boche infantry started heaving fragmentation grenades at me and I got ta thinking, Mom, of old Bess and her about to have pups again and, Mom, we can't have them pups born into a world that ain't free and bright, can we? So Mom, I got right out of my ditch and

fixed that tank good and proper, and also the burp-gun and the Boche infantry, and we will get this here war over, Mom, just as soon as we can for you and Dad and old Bess and a better, brighter world for that little unborn litter. Your loving son, Henry."

In case you're wondering, we got our information from the August 4th issue of the New York Daily PM. PM is one newspaper that doesn't sell advertisement. The only thing it does sell is . . . democracy. And it has a monopoly on that.

In the same class as the fiction writers are the type who go around blithering that Canadians are fighting for the Canadian way of life and Americans are fighting for the American way of life, and so on.

Any moron knows that Canadians are not fighting for a way of life which keeps 62% of its families living—we should say dying—on less than \$900 a year, and in this supposedly boom period. And Americans are not fighting for a way of life which keeps one-third of its youth underclothed and underfed, and denies the right of voting to millions of its citizens because of their color.

No, this war is being fought for something more substantial than the Canadian or American way of life, or any present-day way of life.

This war is being fought (we hope) to rid the world of struggle once and for all. And the only way we can prevent future wars is to create peace. Do you know what peace is? None of us do because the world has never had any. But Dorothy Thompson came as close to it as anyone when she wrote . . .

"The defeat of the enemy is not peace. Peace is the construction of an order of society which satisfies human needs, provides constructive outlets for human energies, uses the instruments of man for his welfare and security, protects him, through political institutions, from those who would use him for aggrandizement of their own ambitions, and gives to him the breath of life and freedom."

"Peace is organic harmony. Its makers have been called the Children of God."

Of course we can't get this Utopia over-night, and there will be "certain elements" who will oppose the idea, but one of our first acts after this war is over should be to fire all the advertising writers who care more about the amount of their pay-check than they do about the outcome of this war. No doubt they want to see the Axis crushed, but that is all they want to see. To repeat: "The defeat of the enemy is not victory." It goes much deeper than that. How deep, depends on how great is the will of the people to make this the last war.—I.O.

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BACK TO SCHOOL

"The bell rang and orderly groups of students stopped their quiet conversations and filed in good order to find their register rooms. Nobody got the bones in his feet crushed, nobody had his nose broken when it got caught in a door jam. Studies commenced immediately and another orderly school year had begun." Vic was never like that —thank goodness!

A door opens, somebody stumbles in and is immediately greeted by the gang, "Hi Goon Gall! Where're you gonna register? We tried to get into Room 21 but the kids were sitting double in there. Step it up kid and we'll take a look at the people in Room 15." It's been the same every starting day for years and years, and Monday, October 2, was no exception. In fact it was worse than usual. All in all about 750 students enrolled the first day (only about 100 too many) The staff wrung their hands and as usual handled the situation admirably.

At first I missed all the old familiar faces that seemed to be so much a part of Vic, but then I woke up to the fact that for every familiar face that wasn't there, there were one or two new ones. This year's crop of grade tens seem to be a lot of the most enthusiastic people in Edmonton.

Outside of a few new paint jobs and a complete cleaning there were no radical changes in the appearance of the school. Two new personalities were added to the teaching staff, Miss Driscoll for French and Mr. Robinson for Commercial subjects. We realize we're lucky to have both Miss Driscoll and Mr. Robinson teaching at Vic, and hope they will enjoy being here.

Lineups for the locker keys were of the usual two block variety, and by the time one got a key, whether it fitted a locker or not he felt the need of home and a good soft chair. Yes, school had begun and the first day (what a day) was completed.

The second day couldn't be as bad as the first; at least that's what some optimists thought. Remember the second day, the day when some sweet person from Grade XII told an unsuspecting Grade X that Room 20 is upstairs and Room 14½ is on the roof? Well, enough of this. My topic was "Back at School" and we're back, aren't we?—J.S.

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Inserted by
Edmonton's GAS Company

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"GOOD FOOD IS GOOD HEALTH"
" " "
101st Street and Jasper Avenue

BOYS' HI-Y

The Alpha and Beta chapters of the Vic Hi-Y started the ball rolling with a joint organization meeting on the first Wednesday of the school term.

Mr. McFarland, under whose capable guidance the club operated last year, is again a staff adviser. Working with him this year are Mr. Stewart and Mr. Bob Hole who are proving a great help in the advisory capacity.

Ken Anderson and Russ Aird are the presidents of the clubs. Working with them are Hammy Drever and John Harvey as vice-presidents, Jim Findlay and Tom Mayson as secretaries, and Stan Vanderburgh and Don Hawkes as treasurers.

We should like to make it known that any boy taking sufficient interest in Hi-Y may obtain an application form from any Hi-Y member.—R.A.

GIRLS' HI-Y

Commencing its third year at Vic, the Girls' Hi-Y held the first meeting of the season on Thursday, October 26, at which time new members were accepted. The Girls' Hi-Y now has open membership, and will receive applications each fall and spring. The Hi-Y is planning a larger and better programme this year.

Those anaemic-looking scarecrows that you saw sneaking around the halls recently were only the new members, who went through an agonizing week of not curling their hair, wearing no make-up, and wearing black ties and stockings, as part of their Hi-Y initiation. The induction ceremony will be held later in the year.

Because of the large membership, it has become necessary to divide the Vic club into three chapters. The executives are: Presidents—Maxine McLeod, June Clooney, and Ina Ward; Vice-Presidents—Edith Skitch, Joyce Wilson, and June Tipp; Secretaries—Jane Hodgson, Alison Steeves, and Donna Stevenson; treasurers—Berenice Stenton, Doreen Thompson, and Ruth Douglas. Miss Roma Downie again holds the position of club adviser.—P.J.

Introductions To New Teachers

Many Vicites, returning to school to begin the fall term, were sorry to see that two of the former teachers had left our midst. Although Miss Ure had been with us only a short time she had proven herself a very friendly and capable teacher. Miss Cameron's presence and Scotch accent will certainly be missed also.

However, two able teachers replace them—Miss Driscoll and Mr. Robinson.

Miss Driscoll, who has been teaching at Garnet Intermediate School for

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VIC CADETS

For the benefit of all you new fellows, let me say that the Cadet Corps of Victoria High School is under the leadership of Mr. W. R. Stewart who has devoted much of his time and a great deal of patience to their instruction.

His efforts have not been in vain, for our cadets have distinguished themselves in many ways. They have been complimented for their smartness and efficiency by high ranking officials, before whom they have paraded. They have been well represented by achieving higher marks in competition shoots.

This year, Vic wants a bigger Cadet Corps than ever. Already there are enough enlisted for two platoons. To each cadet is issued free a smart uniform which he wears twice weekly for parades held in noon hour on the campus or in the armouries.

All right fellows, how about it? A smart uniform, a great bunch of boys and a swell leader. Just let any cadet know that you wish to join, or see Mr. Stewart, and either will look after you. Remember, there are two credits offered for cadets; so join now and become one of Vic's smart lads in khaki.

BUGLE NOTES

Many former Vicites have joined the armed forces to help preserve world freedom and peace. This column of the Argosy will pass along any interesting information that we receive concerning the boys and girls in the services. Here's the latest news:

Nip Guest was seriously wounded in Belgium a short while ago. We wish him the best, and hope that he'll be back in Edmonton soon.

Mac Smith, Bill Mayson, Graham Moir,

8 years, has come to take over the duties of teaching French and English. Surprisingly enough, she is a former Vic student, and it is possible that some sharp-eyed lad or lass will detect a picture of her on the walls.

Mr. Robinson, our commercial teacher, comes from MacDougall where he has been teaching typing, bookkeeping and shorthand for the past four years. Mr. Robinson believes that there is no shortage of the old school spirit. Thank you, sir, for your encouraging words.

To both these teachers, the students of Victoria wish to extend a hearty welcome and best wishes for future years with us.—J.M.

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Norm Brown and Shorts Collins (all very active in school affairs when they went to Vic) had a regular ol' reunion in Halifax recently when they spent four days' shore leave together. It was the first time they had all seen each other since a year ago last July, and they really had themselves a time.

Frank Mathew received his commission a few weeks ago, and is posted to Calgary for officers' training.

Mac Smith, in the navy, has been stationed in Bermuda.

Roman Hauptman has received his commission in the air force.

Vern Curry was home on a short leave. Vern is in the army.

Allan Pratt is now a wireless electrical mechanic, stationed near Hamilton, Ontario. Recently Al had a chat with Harold Fricker, now a sergeant-bomb-aimer, who was passing through Hamilton.

Don Moorhouse has just received his commission in England. Don has been on a number of flights over Germany.

Frances Hollinshead, now a corporal, is working at the Edmonton Military Hospital as a lab. technician.

With the army at Calgary are several of our boys, including Bob Seaton, Johnny Scurr, Jack Cossey, and Don Blue.

Wally Worth is in the air force. He was recently home on leave.

Jerry MacCarthy is stationed at Prince Rupert with the navy. He reports that he lately visited the Edmon-teen Club and enjoyed it very much.

F/O Jack Mathew is now controls officer at Coal Harbor, B.C.

Among the Vic. Boys training at Non-such are Hugh Elston, Bill Saks, Harold Slutsky, and Bill Kennedy.

Bill Wiles got his commission and was home on leave. He is posted to Calgary.

Pete Butchard is stationed with the air force in Toronto.

Doug. Ward has received his commission. He has been overseas for a year.

George Smith is stationed with the R.C.A.F. at Rivers, Manitoba.

Ken Kencke, a leading seaman in the Navy, was recently home on leave after 14 months of overseas and invasion duty.

Lorne Chowne was home on leave. He has received his commission.

Jim Watson is serving overseas on invasion duty with the Navy.

We should appreciate news of any other Vicites in the services. Also, if you know of any boys or girls who would like to have the Argosy sent to them, please leave their names at the Argosy office or with the editor of this column.—P.J.

Miss Howard: "The cow was in the pasture." "What mood?"

Bill Sanborn: "The cow!"

Mr. Kangaroo: "But, Mary, where is the child?"

Mrs. Kangaroo: "Good Heavens, I have had my pocket picked."

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BANTAMS VS. SEP

The Vic bantams have really shown their wares by winning from Sep their second game in succession.

Vic started out quickly, and in the early part of the game Albert Boyd scored two majors on sweeping end runs. One convert was made good and the half-time ended with an 11-0 lead for Victoria.

The third quarter saw two more touchdowns for Vic, made by Al Smith and Vern Gilfillan respectively.

In the final quarter with but a minute to play, Al Smith intercepted a pass and ran for his second touchdown. The final score: Vic 26, Sep 0.—E.S.

BANTAM FIELD DAY

Thursday, Oct. 19, was a field day for Vic's bantam rugby team. At this "practice," Vic defeated Scona by the narrow margin of 54-0. In the first quarter there were two touchdowns, both made by Al Smith. In the second quarter there were three touchdowns, scored by Smith, Gilfillan, and Boyd, in that order. There was one good convert in this quarter, making the score 26-0 for Vic at half-time.

In the third quarter there was one touchdown, made by Smith. The convert, booted by Boyd, was good. In the last quarter there were four touchdowns, carried by Aubrey, Smith, Kuchinski and Melynchuck respectively. Kuchinski received a pass from Aubrey to score and Melynchuck recovered a Scona fumble to make a touchdown. There were two good converts in this quarter. The final score was 54-0 for Vic.

Al Smith was the most outstanding player on the field, and Vic's interference was the best. Our boys were coached by Steve Mendryk, a very capable fellow.

The line-ups were:

Vic: Steele, Smith, Melynchuck, Boyd, Aubrey, Kuchinski, Gilfillan, Carlson, Darwish, Timinsky, Luchkovich, and Malkewich.

Scona: Smallwood, Levy, T. Adamson, P. Adamson, McLachlin, Dawe, Mason, Pfrimmer, McDonald, Skelton, Stewart, Neilson, MacKay, Winnfield, Wood.—E.A.

JUNIORS DEFEAT SEP

Vic's junior rugby team defeated Sep 12-1 in the first game of the season on our own grounds. In the opening frame, Sep punted for 1 point after an unsuccessful attempt for a touchdown on Vic's 10-yard line. In the second quarter Vic punted to even up the score.

In the third quarter Manson made a touchdown to put Vic out in the lead. The convert from this play was unsuccessful. A few minutes later Hole broke up a pass play by Sep, recovered the ball before it touched the ground and ran 40 yards for a touchdown. A convert by Mandryk was good, making the score 12-1 for Vic. There was no score in the final quarter.

English, Mayson and Grabow made some of the outstanding tackles, Grabow twice keeping Sep from making touchdowns. Coach Marvin Petal gave a fine pep talk to the Vic boys at half time; so the fellows came out and made two touchdowns in one quarter. Nobody was seriously injured during the game. The line-ups were as follows:

Vic: Mendryk, English, Grabow, Hole, Benkie, Little, Drever, Mayson, Findlay, Johnson, Stanton, Slupsky, Berringham, Johns and Manson.

Sep: O'Connor, McHale, Darane, Deagon, Simpson, Christmas Boudie, Beauchamp, Costello, Forcade, McDonald and Ego.—E.A.

VIC ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

On Oct. 3rd, at four o'clock, a meeting of all the Vic male athletes took place. Elections were held for the executive positions. Ken Anderson was elected President; Jim MacRae, Vice-President; and Hy Lieberman, Secretary.

The following were chosen as representatives:

Rugby—Jim MacRae.
Basketball—Bill Price (Pres.), Gordon McCormack (Vice-Pres.).
Softball—Baseball—Bob English (Pres.), Emerson Steele (Vice-Pres.).
Field and Track—Bill Green (Pres.).
Cyril Thomas (Vice-Pres.).
Equipment Manager—Ben Warhaft.

—E.S.

JUNIORS SCORE SECOND WIN

Vic's junior rugby squad defeated the Westglen boys 12-11, in their second game of the season, at Westglen. There was no score in the first quarter. In the second quarter, Mayson punted the ball to Westglen's boundary line for 1 point for Vic. A pass from Mayson to Grabow, completed, scored Vic its 1st major. Little kicked a good convert, making the half-time score 7-0 for Vic.

In the third quarter, Westglen completed a series of pass plays to carry the ball to Vic's 4-yard line. At this point Westglen fumbled the ball; Vic recovered it and fumbled it; Rich recovered it and carried it for a touchdown for Westglen. The convert was no good; so Vic was still in the lead by a score of 7-5. In the fourth quarter Grabow received a pass from Manson and carried it for a touchdown. The convert was no good and the score was 12-5 for Vic. In the last minute of play, Rich scored a touchdown for Westglen. In a pass play for the convert, English was flung against the steel goal standard and sustained back injuries which sent him to the hospital. The final score was 12-11 for Vic.

Benny Grabow and Bob English were the two outstanding figures for Vic, and Rich was prominent for Westglen. Grabow stopped several Westglen breakaways which might have resulted in touchdowns.

HOUSE LEAGUE BASKETBALL

The 1944-45 Girls' Basketball House League got off to a fine start when at the first opening meeting, six captains were elected and six teams chosen. Directed by Miss Lent, and managed by capable Marie Schwarz, the league of one hundred or more girls planned to have lots of fun and exhibit some real basketball.

The captains, all excellent players themselves, include Rean Elston, Lydia Nakamura, Marie Schwarz, Vera Chumner, Cora Shalen, and Marion Brown. The teams are to be coached by senior boys interested in this sport.

Practices are being held Tuesdays and Thursdays at noon, but after the first few weeks we hope to have a regular routine of games in operation. We plan also to have a basketball party in the near future.

Come on, "kids," let's make this the biggest and best league Vic's ever had. We can do it with your co-operation.

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SENIORS LOSE TO WESTGLEN

Vic seniors were defeated 11-6 by Westglen in their first game of the season. In the first quarter Sharp scored a touchdown for Vic, and McRae kicked the convert to put Vic in the lead 6-0. In the second quarter MacDonald booted the ball over Vic's goal line and recovered it for a touchdown for Westglen. The convert was no good, and the half-time score was 6-5 for Vic.

In the third quarter Fleming made a touchdown for Westglen. The convert was no good, but Westglen was still in the lead 10-6. The fourth quarter saw Westglen punt the ball to Vic's boundary line for 1 point. The final score was 11-6 for the west enders.

The Vic boys put up a good fight all the way, but the cards were against them. Some outstanding tackles were made by J. MacDiarmid, Archer, and Petal.

The line-ups were:

Vic: J. MacDiarmid, R. MacDiarmid, Archer, Petal, Sharp, MacRae, Anderson, Paproski, Spilstead, Vanderburgh, and Lieberman.

Westglen: Young, Kerr, Palmer, Pettinger, Fleming, MacDonald, and MacLeod.

BADMINTON CLUB

"A little closer to the net, please! Relax your wrist, and swing your racket!"

These are the "Friday-Noon" echoes in the gym, as the "Old-Timers" show the beginners a few tricks in Badminton.

This year Bob Wagner is President of the Badminton Club, with Bill Jackson, Secretary-Treasurer, and Hammy Drever, Student Union Rep.

As the club membership has greatly increased, it is not possible that everybody can play on the same day; so the club is divided in half, giving everyone a chance to play at least every second week.

Best of luck to the club and its members.—B.R.

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Getting Acquainted At The Lit Dance

After a hectic school day, Vic students, old and new, participated in poolin' the foolin' at a cement mixer, namely our first Lit Dance of the term, held in the gym on Friday 13th, at four o'clock. In charge of this dee-gee swingeroo were Bill Sanborn, Ina Ward, Ruth Douglas, John Harvie and Jean Smith. P.S.—They did a mighty fine job. The purpose of this lit was to give the new students a chance to become better acquainted with the established ones.

As the tempting music (sweet and hot) began, initiated Grade tens (how could we overlook them?) staggered in; the gaiters attired in sweaters, no makeup, and as an added touch—pig-tails; the bo's with sweaters, shirts and ties worn backwards, odd socks, and pantlegs rolled up. Quite a rare sight. To make it more hilarious Doc Willis woltzed in and staged an init of his own—wearing his coat backwards.

The music played once more; everyone was to hit the floor—so what happened? A few less timid characters ventured out and beat with the feet. "Gosh!" This will never do! So—A Bingo Dance saved the situation and enabled the freshies to mix with the old hands. That problem disposed of, a new one arose. You guessed it—the man shortage (good guys are rationed these days, you know). So the slick chicks took the situation in hand, dug themselves up from th' depths of Despair by cuttin' a rug with each other. (This is nothing new). Of course the men available could pick the pigeons they wanted to swing with (there are so many Mug-Bugs available now; the twits kin afford to be a bit on the choosy side) and the shy guys that didn't seem too quick on the give were given time to find themselves, and so presently they snagged some chick to drag a sock with. Before the finale the floor was crowded, with only a few souls lurking around the walls, and everyone seemed to be having a good time. So ended our first Lit; good music, good purpose, good time; great success and turnout. Here's hoping this lit sets an example for all future lits.—J.T.

"Gol!" said the landlady, "and never darken my bathtub again."

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FASHIONS

There's nothing like storting at the top and working down, I always say. At that rate your head is in the lead. For girls with oval faces who can wear the flat top hair style there's nothing like a headband to brighten up an outfit. Be sure to have it in a matching or contrasting color. For dressier occasions tack a few flowers across it. As for hats, the off-the-face bowler and felt cloche are definitely right for casuals. For specials, veils, flowers and a small piece of felt will pass very neatly.

When buying a new wardrobe or adding to your old, pick out things that you can combine—and presto—two outfits for the price of one. A dark green or red blazer fits in nicely here. Add to it a plaid or plain skirt and you have a new suit. It's also ideal for slacks. While we're on the subjects of slacks, why do girls insist on wearing them to school? You'll never be the style setters if you continue to do that. They're definitely on the nix list.

A cordigan suit in grey 'menswear flannel with a jaunty Etan cap to match can be dressed up or down, depending on the occasion, by the type of blouse you wear with it. These same blouses can also do the trick for your new jumper. This may be made out of plaid, stripes, plain or almost any other material you set your heart on.

Sweaters and skirts are still the favorite, but this year sweaters are inclined to be less sloppy. Boys' shops are being swamped by girls looking for those lovely diamonds that seem to be in the lead.

Weskits with matching or contrasting skirts are ideal for school. Here again your blouses come into the picture. Plaid dresses, made on very casual lines, and brightened up with white collars and cuffs are also smart for the classroom. Or, perhaps, a coat dress with a fly front, in becoming shades of red, gold, kelly or aqua, would suit your taste better.

For those all-important dates, there's a wool in American beauty, teal blue or fuchsia which sports jewelled butterflies fitting around a square neck. For less dress-up occasions, there's a black and white checked rayon with three-quarter length sleeves and neat with white Peter Pan collars and cuffs. Again there's a lousy ixnay on wearing date dresses to school. There's a time and place for everything.

We've finally reached the bottom. Be kind to your feet and they'll be kind to you. Wear loafers and brogues to school and leave your high heels for Saturday night. Brown alligator is both casual and dressy, depending on the rest of your ensemble. Suede or patent leather is also strictly for date time.

Well, you're all dressed up. Or are you? To be really well dressed you must have a shining and well scrubbed look about you. It's not hard if you put your mind to it, and compliments are nice, aren't they?—M.R.

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WANDERING THROUGH LIFE

In looking back through the years (all fifteen of them) I think that my happiest moments were spent at my hobbies. Now most kids have one or maybe two hobbies throughout their whole lives, but I am out of the ordinary. I have had no less than eight. Count 'em. Some have been interesting, some educational and many just plain silly. But I think that they should make an interesting story.

My first hobby was collecting butterflies. I was a sophisticated three-and-a-half then and I had my own butterfly net. I was the envy of the block as I trudged around with my butterfly net over my shoulder. After I had caught the butterflies, I used to put them in milk bottles for display purposes, and I had quite a nice collection. This kept me interested all that summer until something happened—something unfortunate. I climbed into a tree after a butterfly and fell when I swung too hard at it. My soft little bones escaped breakage, but my treasured net did not. The net was torn, and the hoop was broken and so was my heart. But this period of melancholia did not last long, for I soon discovered something else. Something more wonderful and exciting than butterflies had ever been—gold fish.

Some of you will laugh at the mention of gold fish, but I assure you that there is nothing more interesting or restful as watching gold fish. It all started when my kinder-garten teacher gave me two goldfish for Christmas. (I used to be a nice kid years ago). They were lovely little creatures and I decided to collect more. My mother claims that I was one of the causes of the depression because of all of my Dad's hard-earned money that I spent on gold fish. But I was a very ornery little kid, lacking in self-discipline and I had my own way. But this hobby too came to a sad ending (not as painful for me as the first) but recalling it a feeling of sadness comes over me for those poor little fishies. One day I figured that my mother hadn't fed the fish; so I did; my sister had the same idea and also fed them; and my Dad too. But the truth of the matter was that my mother had fed them. During the night, 12 out of 14 (including my favorite 'Georgie') died. I really felt bad, for those fish had been so interesting. They had given me so much pleasure; and then they had to go and over-eat!

At the age of five I discovered caterpillars. I used to catch them and preserve them, copying my mother's style of preserving jams—you know with pieces of cellophane or something and rubber bands. My mother needed those jars, and most of the caterpillars were dead and shrivelled up; out went my collection. Misfortune seemed to dog my every foot-step.

I turned again to nature for solace, and there once more discovered something collectable—leaves. Being six years old, I was unable to write; and so by making strange marks on the envelopes, I classified my leaves into small, average, and large. I know there are other systems, but you must admit mine was the simplest and suited my purpose. However, these leaves disintegrated; and not being

Grade X Initiation

Loads of brand new Vicites were officially pronounced "in" last October 13 when all grade tenners were initiated at Victoria High. It was the first time in the school's history that such a ceremony had been attempted, and because the results obtained were more than successful, it was planned to continue the ceremony in future years.

Grade ten femme fashions for the day included—among other necessities—sweaters, skirts, no facial make-up, and various lengths of pigtails. Oh, no, that wasn't the wolf man coming down the hall (though many a girl will argue the point). The male's sweater, shirt, or jacket had to be worn backwards. The boys' ensemble was complete with two-colored socks, and rainbow-hued ties also worn de derriere. Teeners that didn't conform to these feds experienced a—shall we say—cool afternoon shower?

And what a ba-a-ad day for an initiation. Friday the thirteenth! How could a fella concentrate on black cats, open paint cans, and Junior's roller skates—when the thought of jeunes filles parading the halls in sweaters was persistent?

Those that did manage to live through the day in one piece were invited to attend the after-four dance lit that was held in their honor. Harry Jones' sensational horn sent many a couple swinging it; and the sweeter strains of Stardust put Jive-Bugs in more pensive moods. This lit dance was the first of its kind to many of the new additions—and did they love it? But definitely!

By Monday, everything was back to normal, and students again settled down to more serious facts concerning the coming term and adventures of the Lone Ranger.

Everyone officially belonged.—O.L.

able to find any suitable explanation for the disintegration, I gave them up.

When I was eight, I went to Banff with my parents and there saw petrified wood for the first time in my life. So, I started to collect stones. Because I figured they were all petrified wood, I came back from Banff with a suitcase full. But stone collecting soon lost its charm and I remained a good boy until I was twelve when I discovered music. We bought a gramophone and I began a collection of records. At first my taste varied from George Formby down to Sammy Kaye by way of Gene Autry, but now my preferences are set. I still collect records and I think I'll stick with them a little longer.

Looking toward the future as I continue down life's road, I wonder if there will be any other stones on that rocky road to success for me to stub my toe on, and linger awhile to investigate.

P. S.—This was supposed to be whimsically amusing like Robert Benchley; so laugh.

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The Sign of a Good Show

EXCHANGES

To date only three exchange copies have been received—two from Harrison High in Chicago, Illinois, and one from Kitsilano High in Vancouver, B.C. The Harrison Herald staff lost no time in getting their first issue out—September 27, to be exact.

Harrison's "Gold Star Roll Call" now lists 91 heroes who have lost their lives in this war; and as a memorial to these heroes, that school has christened a C-54 Douglas transport plane. A nice gesture, we think.

An article that caught our eye at once was a report on how the Harrison femmes like their men to dress and act. Apparently a fellow simply doesn't rate unless he has the proper know-how on helping the girl out of a car, or asking her for a date, 'n stuff. But the girls agree that on the whole the guys are pretty swell even if they aren't junior Don Juans. We recommend this item to all our masculine readers.

You sports fiends will enjoy the sports quiz that appears in every issue of the Herald. It tests your knowledge, and also offers interesting facts concerning the world of sports.

Kitsilano's first issue of K.H.S. Life has reached the Argosy office. We read that a regular class of photographic art has been formed at that school, where any interested shutter bug may learn anything from mixing the developer to the rules for placement and proportion. There's a subject that might profitably be placed on the Vic curriculum. Kits also has a boys' cooking class, and apparently the fellows love it.

Speaking of men (and aren't we always), we notice that the Kits males have outdone ours in the matter of clothing. You think those blue jeans are horrible? Well, lend on ear. The well-dressed boy at Kits is sporting denims dyed red, purple, or orange!

Browsing through the Vancouver publication, we eyed an enlightening column, written by an inquiring reporter, which recounts the regular week-end doings of various B.C. students. Hmmm! Quite an item!

We have also received a copy of "Scholastic Roto," an interesting roto-gravure paper that is campased of photos of school activities, which are sent in by high schools all over the United States. Anyone who cares to know what other schools are doing, thinking, and saying is invited to drop into the Argosy office, and have a look-see at the exchanges.—P.J.

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LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

or—She Should Have Known Better

Once upon a time there was a beautiful little girl, named Little Red Riding Hood (Red for short). Every day, little Red used to put on her little red suit and go for a walk to see her granny, commonly known as "gravel Gertie." One day Red's granny phoned her up. "Come on over and see me C12 H22 O11—it's about time I gave out with the facts of life."

So little innocent (oh, brother!) Red started off through the wilds and wilderness of the Bronx, to her granny's. She had not gone far when she heard a long, lone wolf call, and a big blue roadster drew up beside the curb. A deep, terrifying voice called out, "Going my way, Red?"—but Little Red Riding Hood was a good little girl and didn't even turn her head—she simply ran to the waiting car.

As they drove off, her companion informed her that his name was Tim Berwolf. Presently, they drove up beside a shaded spot on the Hudson and Little Red was "oh-so-sorry" to learn Tim Berwolf had run out of gas. Anyway, they were not far away; so she suggested that they go up to her granny's apartment.

Mr. Berwolf seemed only too glad to go, and so they soon arrived at grandmother's house, deep in the forest where a "Tree Grows in Brooklyn." But, alas—no one was home; they entered to wait. (Little did Red know that Tim Berwolf had placed a phone call which got granny to leave the apt.—Aha!)

They made themselves comfortable, but (horror of horrors) Tim Berwolf had turned into WOLF! (Turned, she says.) Red screamed and raced for the door—when in burst "Our Hero"—Handsome Harry, the Hometown Kid!

"Unhand that damsel," shouted Harry, as he rolled up his shirt sleeves.

And he did! As he grabbed his hat on the way out, the wolf shouted, "Coises, foiled again!"—threw open the door and rushed into the waiting arms of Granny.

As Handsome Harry comforted Little Red (ahem!) he told her how he had followed them on his scooter, when she entered the wolf's car. And a good thing he did, taa, ar aur heroine but even now would be in the clutches of that foul Berwolf.

P.S.: Late that week a wedding was held in "The Little Church Just Down Our Alley," when Little Red Riding Hood's granny became the bride of Tim Berwolf. No longer need she spend lonely hours—her plan had worked at last!

And so, gaad children, there ends the story of "Little Red Riding Hood," or "Don't Play Dirty—Gravel Gerty."

FIELD DAY COMMENTS

Pat Gunn took the Junior high honors at the track meet and also the honors for Grade 11 with a total of three firsts, three seconds and two thirds—of the latter two, one was in Senior competition. Some of the events in which she took honors were: 75 yard dash, high jump, girls' 440 relay, and the shuttle. Runners-up were Lee Bornstein, Ruth Gilley, and Camille Hodgson who did fairly well for themselves.

Grade 10's entered everthing enthusiastically with their top scorers—Marion Brown and Mary Millar taking quite a few honors.

Sorry to say Grade 12 girls didn't do so well for themselves, but then "we're all pretty old, aren't we kids?" Betty Rice, minus shoes which she lost running, put up a noble show. Too bad there aren't more like her. Better luck next time.

Here are a few comments made by some of our teachers who worked hard to make the events and the track meet possible.

"Proof of a Vic track star was seen in the Senior girls' 75 yard dash when a Vicite lost her shoe and still came second."

"We had a splendid sports day—lots of fun for those who took part, but we need more girls to enter in the various sports. Come on girls next time! It's fun, and you do get good experience."

—Miss Ada A. Lent.

"I still think we need a little better organization for a track meet. Too much is left to the drill teachers. This applies particularly to the Senior Girls!

I wish to take this opportunity to thank the girls at the score-board: Lydia Nakamura, Esther Rubin, and Gertrude Dorre for their splendid work, along with the Cadets, Sound men, and last but not least the refreshment committee. It's amazing; usually I feel tired but not today."

—Miss H. Hegler.

"Quite a successful meet considering the time of year. Some very good marks in the jumping, and good form in the dashes.

However, the Student Body must get more wholeheartedly behind Field Days if they are to be continued. Field Days should not be an occasion for a half-holiday, but one for the full participation of everyone in the event for which he feels most suited. In this way a really splendid school spirit may be shown.

One last suggestion. I would like to see Clarke Stadium used instead of our own rough uneven track and field."

—Mr. W. R. Stewart.

Bye for now and be good kiddies until the next edition of Aunt Tabby's Tales.

NOV., 1944

VIC ARGOSY

7

THE EDMON-TEENS CLUB

Boys in pool halls, girls wandering the streets. Something had to be done. What would be the solution? Perhaps a club could be formed, just some place where kids could go and have a good time.

With these thoughts in mind, a group of energetic teen-agers met at the Y, through the auspices of the Phalanx club. Out of this small but important meeting came the plans for the formation of the Edmon-Teen club.

By word of mouth the idea spread, and in no time at all there were over a hundred attending the meetings. At one of these a permanent executive was elected, headed by an ex-Vicite, Pat Ogilvie, and Midge Fleming. Tanty Louvette is the Secretary and Doreen Stanton of Scona is the Treasurer. Directors of the different committees were also elected, and they are as follows:

Programme Committee—Bill Jackson, Vic.

House Committee—Bob Wilson, Vic.

Membership Committee—Newetta Morie, Scona.

Properties Committee—Tevie Miller, Westglen.

Publicity Committee—Jack Chapman, Scona.

Applications were immediately printed, and memberships began pouring in. The year's membership is 50 cents, and this entitles the member to take part in any function. As yet dances have been the sole activity, but plans are underway for other types of entertainment.

The club is strictly for teen-agers, and the house rules are simple and effective:

1. No person under the influence of alcohol is admitted.

2. No gambling is allowed.

3. Service personnel are admitted only when accompanied by a member.

Parents are definitely in favor of the club and its activities.

The headquarters of the club is at the Y.M.C.A.; and although two halls were being used for dancing, it was found necessary to look for more space. A branch of the main club was then formed in the West end, where, under the direction of their own executive, West Enders dance at their community hall.

This arrangement has proved excellent; and if necessary, more branches will be set up in other districts of the city.

Because of the fact that this club was one of the first of its kind in Canada, great interest has been taken in it by the press; with the result that pictures have appeared in Eastern and Local newspapers.

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INTRODUCING...

**June Clooney**

Born on January 28, 1928, in Edmonton, Alberta, June has since been trying to become a success. Educated at Central School in Prince Albert; Connaught School, North Battleford; McDougall School, Edmonton; McCauley School; and finally Victoria High School.

Net schooling—not very successful.

Dancing lessons—total failure.

Piano lessons—not much success.

School Activities:

Features Editor of the Argosy—figure it out yourself.

Parts in Vic's Annual Year Plays—highly unconvincing.

Member of the Tennis Club—she can't even push the roller.

President of Vic's Hi-Y chapter—time will tell.

Her plans are to go to the University of Alberta . . . she adds hopefully . . . "the law of averages."

**Hammy Drever**

Born on June 28, 1928, in Edmonton, Alberta, Hamilton Randolph Drever Jr. started out to create great havoc among the female populace, and has been doing so ever since.

Educated at Westward Ho (where he doubtless learned a lot of good stuff from the fellows), McKay Avenue, and finally Victoria High, Hammy's school activities have included the Vice-Presidency of the Tennis Club, the Junior Rugby Team, Basketball and Badminton. In fact all school sports.

Extra curricular activities include the Hi-Y, of which he is Vice-President; Glenora Tennis Club and the Y.M.C.A.

Hammy's plans are University . . . to graduate in law. But we are to express no surprise if he is side-tracked into instructing in Physical Training.

Just keep your seats, girls; I finally made it . . . Ladies of Vic, and fellas too . . . Hammy Drever.

**Bill Jackson**

"It's a lovely, little boy!"

"Another one? Take it away!!"

That was 'way back in Lethbridge on October 27, 1927. (No one would repeat that original remark today.)

He went to school in Lethbridge (to L.C.I.) until he was in Grade 10, when he moved to Edmonton. Bill claims that's the biggest mistake he ever made. That was when we first met him and since then he has stepped into a niche that seemed to have been waiting just for him.

Last year he was on the Hi-Y Council, and was a very entertaining and convincing Lord Monkhurst in 'Milestones.' He is Secretary-Treasurer of the Badminton Club, Program Director of the Edmon-Teen Club, a Petty Officer in the Sea Cadets, and Miss Hegler's right-hand man, being one of the directors of the Vic Varieties, and News Editor for the Argosy.

Contrary to most gentlemen he prefers brunettes. He's enthusiastic over dancing, swimming, skating and dramatics.

After his Grade 12 has been obtained (when will that be, Bill?) he plans to go to university and study medicine—to find out what makes people tick, he says.

If any of you girls don't know him, this is your chance—meet Bill Jackson. —I.R.

**Donna Stevenson**

The sun wasn't shining and the sky wasn't clear and blue, but something happened anyway. For in Calgary, on June 3rd, 1928, the world was formally introduced to Donna Stevenson.

She doesn't remember much of her life in Calgary though, because she



PILOT OFFICER JACK RASKIN visits the old school and gives the students a pep talk.

SPORTS DAY

Yes, Vic held another successful Sports Day, Friday, Oct. 20. It was largely attended by all grades and it had the flavor of bygone Inter-School Track Meets. Keen enthusiasm was prevalent and we saw some fine examples of running and jumping.

A few of the many standouts in the

**BILL GREEN**

That Green man caught showing some bystanders some real broad jumping.

moved here when she was only two. When six rolled around, she started to McKay Avenue School and stayed there until she came to Vic.

Donna is a Secretary of the Girls' Hi-Y, Secretary of Robertson Young People's, on the Music Committee of the forthcoming "Vic Varieties," a member of the Badminton Club, and the Edmon-Teen Club, and our own Copy-Desk Editor.

She loves horseback riding; and boys if you'd like to win her favor, suggest going skating or dancing or swimming.

When she leaves us, she plans to go to University, but she doesn't know what she'll study for, yet. (Probably some young man will have persuaded her to come and keep house for him by then).

We've already met her, but maybe you haven't, so, Vic, here's Donna Stevenson.

girls' events were Pat Gunn, Betty Rice, and Lee Bornstein. In the boys' events, Jim McCrae and Ken Anderson of Grade 12, and Dave Evans, Alex Hinchcliffe, and Bill Green of Grade



DAVE EVANS and ALEX HINCHCLIFFE
Dave and Alex collecting their ribbons.
The end—of a perfect day.

11 were the point-getters. These are only a few of the participants who made it such a successful day.

Refreshments added a lot to the events, as they always do. Betty Williams and company were busy dishing out cokes and hot dogs to the pleased and hungry crowd.

"Willie" Sanborn, with "mike" in hand, was busy spotting the fleet feet.

Mr. Hicks had a distinguished guest speak, namely, F/O Jack Raskin, just back from overseas. Jack wished he was back at Vic again, because of the good times he had had there.

Many thanks go to Mr. Stewart and the Cadets who did a grand job of looking after the different events, and everything in general.

Thanks also goes to our sports-minded teachers who did such a good job of planning it in such a short time.—H.D.

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